

HEROICK EPISTLE,

FROM THE

MORRHAMET.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

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HEROIC VICTORIES

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OF THE



OF THE

HEROICK EPISTLE  
FROM  
H A M E T T H E M O O R, <sup>13</sup>  
SLIPPER-MAKER IN LONDON, <sup>K</sup>  
TO THE  
EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.  
WITH AN  
APOLOGY FOR PUBLICATION,  
ADDRESS'D TO THE  
LUTHERAN AND CALVINISTICAL  
EMBASSADORS.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL IN THE STRAND.  
M D C C L X X X.



HEROIC EPISODE

FROM

HAMLET THE MOOR

ALFRED HENRY HENSON

OF THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO

WITH AN

APPENDIX OF FACTS

AND A

INTRODUCTION



LONDON

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE ACADEMY OF THE ARTS

MCCCLXXX



AN APOLOGY FOR PUBLICATION,

ADDRESS'D TO THE

LUTHERAN AND CALVINISTICAL

EMBASSADORS, ENVOYS, &c.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

**F**ROM the very nature of your high employment, You must be well acquainted with the impulse of curiosity. 'Tis, often, irresistible! Derived from such impulse is the honor I now assume of addressing your Lordships, your Excellencies, and your Honors.

At this time, when the best parts of the Christian World are up in arms—it cannot be an unwelcome intelligence, to be informed of the good intentions of a Mahomedan.

The Emperor of Morocco entertains the most sublime regard for the Imperial Fraternity. His Barbary Highness admires His Cousin England's munificence. He venerates his Cousin Germans: and especially respects the Dutch. He forgets not the Dane, and Swede—He laments, as much as any Pensioner upon the British or Irish Civil Lists, the necessities of these states, which call so loud for a reform, and make such an uproar for Oeconomy.

A

'Twas

'Twas but the other day—when, meeting with *Hamet the Moor*, I purchased a pair of red slippers of him; and He—while gone on the errand of exchanging a light guinea—had left me in the possession of his Green Bag—I then feel'd the impulse of curiosity—Need I tell your Lordships, &c. that I determined to look into the bag?

I found, in one corner, carefully folded in a Morocco skin, the *original* of the following epistle, written by Hamet the Moor in *choice Arabic*:—there were, besides—a familiar letter from the Emperor's *Valet de Chambre* to Hamet—charging him with some trifling commissions; and—an indigested plan of a middle-aged Musti “for the propagation of the Mahomedan religion.”—If there were (as I think there was) a manifest breach of trust in this gratification of curiosity—I hope that your Lordships, &c. will, when I apprise you, that I was actuated by a *patriotic stimulus*, not only forgive the commencement of this transaction in infidelity, but the termination of it in robbery. Hamet never saw his papers again, till I (being well acquainted with the Arabic) had translated the Epistle; when I return'd it, and the Moor has since dispatched it, by a Polacre of Ragusa, to Gibraltar—from whence it will be forwarded to Fez.

Hamet's Epistle is now given to the world, with all the imperfections of a translation into English from a more elegant language:—and, lest the public should conceive, from the political tendency of the present publication, that I may remain possess'd of some caballistical projects of state in the letter from the Emperor's *Valet de Chambre*—or the Musti's plan—I shall enumerate

the

the articles of the commission in the one—and lay before your Lordships, &c. the alarming purport of the other.

The articles of the commission were. 1. Half a hoghead of tobacco—2. A pair and an odd one of Wogden's pistols—3. Half a dozen of Savigny's razors—4. Nine palms and a half of green velvet—5. Twelve pots of *rouge*—6. A receipt for minced pies—7. A score of brass dog-collars—And lastly, Two boxes of Scotch pills.——I desired much to collect from Hamet, whether all, or any of these articles were to be consigned to Royalty?—I guessed, from the green velvet, and the Scotch pills, that they were certainly for the Emperor: knowing the almost-sacred reservation of that colour—and the costiveness of the Monarch!

I will unfold to your Lordships, and your Excellencies my reason for enquiry. It was, that, if the Emperor's heart were set upon receiving these trifling articles—it would not be improbable, but that a Disappointment of *Imperial Whim*, might eventually leave his Britannic Majesty's troops at Gibraltar destitute of fresh provisions.

The plan of the middle-aged Mufti is now in Arabic manuscript at my bookseller's. 'Tis chiefly upon the implied exhortation of this plan, that I have thought fit to address Personages of your exalted description. It concerns all ranks of Protestants; and as your Lordships, &c. are field-officers in the Protestant corps; no men so qualified to attend the Review.

This



This Plan—so far as it goes—evinces more intimate knowledge of Episcopacy, and Christian Government than, I thought, could have fallen to the lot of any Barbarian Philosopher.

The vindictive spirit of it is altogether pointed at the Church of Rome. The Protestant part of Christendom furnishes the Mufti with surmises of probability in his designs of extending the Mahomedan Persuasion. The Sensual Beatitudes of an Hereafter, painted in so lively, so agreeable, and so infatuating a manner by his Prophet, seem to him to be wonderfully adapt to the Temper of Piety in the Northern world.

Observing how forcibly the doctrine of rewards operates upon the human mind by the intervention of the Senses, he builds all his Hypotheses upon that observation.

As he is much addicted to women, whom he enjoys by stealth—so he consequently tinges his stolen pleasures with a voluptuousness, that, gathering in the imagination, easily blends into a glare of colour sufficient to swallow the feint hues of discrimination. Hence is it, he conceives, that the *Femality* of Heaven would, if cultur'd by Northern Eloquence, soon gain a delicious credit, which would infallibly put any modest and inoffensive Deacon out of countenance.

This indeed were to advance by Sap. He thinks it possible to proceed by an *escalade* of the ramparts.

Yet,

Yet, though he agree with his brother Barbarian, as Voltaire by a figure of French Rhetoric, is pleas'd to call our Shakespeare,

That the—

“ Thinking too precisely on th' event,  
is (“ A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,  
“ And ever three parts coward.”)

Still, as a Prudent Man he *deliberates* on the mode of procedure. As a Churchman he assumes the appearance of Sagacity. Nor does that Appearance envelop ignorance, or become the rayment of Hypocrisy.

Familiar Bigots, as we are, in Christendom, to the appearances of Sagacity—I dare say, your Lordships will be apt to conceit that, the Christian Mantle of Sagacity, with it's seam of humility and charity, is oftentimes not so simple, and honest a sign of the Riches or Poverty—Temper and Character of the Wearer, as the Mahomedan.

Unlike, some of your Lordships Friends, the Mufti has thought of an alliance to resist the common enemy. He has observed the commercial sprightliness of the Traders of the States: and has profited by what is discoverable in their policy. His purpose is to introduce his Prophet as a collateral auxiliary to two Personages of respectable gravity, Who are now busily engaged in a sort of spiritual opposition to as whimsical a species of Government.

However fond of women—he detests the Whore of Babylon. With the Moorish scymetar in his hand he thinks his Prophet

B

may



may maintain his ground as an auxiliary. And as the Chances are in his favour, viz. two to one—but what the example of *encroachment* will be set him by One or Both of his allies, he hopes to gain a little in advance by playing the game of—"Follow the Leader"—which your Lordships may know is a puerile amusement, in which are often discover'd the seedlings of Heroism, Fortitude, and Friendship; and in which the efficacious penalty of shame is brought home to him who hangs an \*\*\*\*\*! Here, my Lords, Nature, like Truth at Court, must sacrifice to etiquette, which if supported by Delicacy, as it shall be here, may be allowed to suppress any thing less than an article of Faith. An article of Grammar is of less consequence without something else—therefore we will take it away, and put it—**BEHIND**.—Boys of spirit will follow the Leader to the Devil. I know not whether the Mufti or his Prophet would chuse to go so far. The Mufti is full of courage, as he says, by the laws of the game—He and the Prophet should be only like the subordinate attendants of Two Sheriffs Officers.

This, my Lords, is the whole of the Plan which I have been able to recover. Several sheets have been torn away while in Hamet's custody, which may be, the Lord knows where!

One particular sheet, which contained a brief recapitulation of what the Mufti called his "Northern Lights"—Hamet sold about two Moons ago, with a pair of green slippers and orange-tawney heels, to a lean gentleman in a black coat, who wore his own saffron-colour'd hair, without curl, pomatum, or powder.—From this description I have reason to believe that it has  
fallen



fallen into proper hands : and if it promise, by inspection, to benefit the common cause, I dare say it will become a speculative sheet in some sacred folio of resolves in the Protestant Associations.

Now, my Lords, we come to the Epistle. The extravagant Ambition of Hamet disclosed in confidence to the Emperor at the end of his epistle, will appear unparallel'd, or not, as your Lordships are of the Antiquarians and *Cognoscenti*.

Whether the Emperor will be allured by any of the scenes of imagination which the Moor (who, by the bye, is a great admirer of Louthembourg) has drawn—I cannot say. All I could get from Hamet was, that I must trust to the Powers above me ; like them rely on the movements of Time.

As to the Emperor's character—the Moor has been reserved towards me ;—and upon good reasoning—if he were assured of abiding here under the protection of a Grandee of either Party, he would not care what liberties he allowed his tongue. In Morocco, a Minister of state—on the same three-leg'd stool with a Jew-serving boy—if either neglect his business, or say, or do, unseemly things, may endure the Bastinado.

He has some hopes of becoming a Back-stairs Plenipotentiary, which is something like a Private Secretary, or a Page Royal. If ever he should be Ambassador he has promised me his protection. For the hearty zeal with which he has invited the Emperor and the Moorish troops to parade before the Queen's house,

house, in order to supply the place of the foot guards in case they should be wanted elsewhere, does, I think, entitle him to the protection of all ranks, however divided as Governors or Governed.

Your Lordships, Your Excellencies, and Your Honours, being so intimately connected with the temporal felicity of these kingdoms, as well as the spiritual relations of Christians, will, I am sure, unite your efforts to discover whether there be any treason against his Majesty or poison for *Monseigneur* in any thing that has been laid before

YOUR LORDSHIPS, &c.

By the

TRANSLATOR.

My Friends have all strongly dissuaded me from publishing to your Lordships, &c. or the world, any of these matters—which being of little purpose indeed—I have reserved for the  
POSTSCRIPT.

- EPISTLE,

## E P I S T L E, &c.

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*Monarch of torrid Afric's golden Shores!*

*Demi-god! and Emperor of the Moors!*



**P**ROSTRATE, and faithful slave, may Hamet dare  
T'invest himself as *chargé des affaires*—  
Not as ambassador—yet more than spy—  
Ask leave of audience from your dear ally?—  
Copy an English editor's intent—  
Write Fez gazettes; and fabricate event—  
Traffic in all the precious wares of state,  
Battles, intrigues, and popular debate?—  
Hamet shall give his slippers—scorn to sell—  
To some poor bankrupt at some new hotel.



As Moors—enthusiast in their prophet's rules  
 Revere their madmen, and respect their fools,  
 So here—tho' not of Christian source avow'd—  
 A kindred impulse actuates the crowd :  
 Britons, like Moors, whene'er their patriots pass,  
 Revere the madman, and respect the ass :  
 The troubled intellect by these extremes  
 Depicts the visits of the patriot's dreams :  
 Now like the effects of opium—and of wine—  
 The frantic foam, or stupified decline.  
 This venerated *mania* of the clime  
 Obscures each blemish—glosses ev'ry crime—  
 Degrades, yet honours,—levels all degrees,—  
 Peers become boors,—Plebeians rise grandees !—  
 Right Rev'rend Mufti\* feel its social force ;  
 Nor can religion stem its rapid course.

---

\* Barbarian churchmen so entitled—and Hamet, as opportunity offers, fails not to profit by titular analogy.

Phalanx of phrenzy ! here the host combine—  
 Leaders of opposition's *big* design !

The weal of Britain not in *chief* depends  
 On government—the monarch, and his friends—  
 No ! like the tyrant passions of the foul,  
 They summon vigour from each new control.  
 Perils abate—and clears the gloomy hour—  
 As opposition *thwarts* the aims of pow'r.

—Rebellion's *stripes* while yet a motley rag;—  
 While yet *alone* the pale, perfidious flag;—  
 While without succour insurrection flood;—  
 And Gauls patch'd fleet but *ventur'd* on the flood.—  
 Admire the keen contrivance of intrigue :  
 Admire the baffle of the patriot league :

A pa-

A patriot aga\* there directs the spear!  
 A patriot captain of the galleys † here!  
 There valour breathes inactive in the fort:  
 Here galleys turn their prows and seek the port.  
 Britannia's mariners—the glorious slaves!  
 Like dolphins snar'd from out their parent waves—  
 Fruitless their courage, speed, and rain-bow dies—  
 They flounce, turn livid, droop, and close their eyes!  
 So two young lions near a herd of wolves,  
 Scar'd at each other—each for war resolves:  
 Mean while the noble beasts maintain the fray,  
 The wolves escape unhurt, and sculk away.

---

\* The commander of the emperor's land forces, whether regulars or militia.

† The commander at sea is so called, as the emperor's navy consists chiefly of galleys and xebecques.

But



But now, confed'rate fleets of France and Spain  
 Usurp a novel empire on the main,  
 No friendly potentate, save Russia's court,  
 Fez is the British Hope!—and Britain's last resort!

Nor deem, imperial prince, that I advise  
 A wild-goose chase, or barren enterprize:  
 Treasure, revenge, and science shall attend,  
 If Great Morocco prove Great Britain's friend.

Methinks I now foresee from Maker Tow'r †  
 The signal balls announce the Moorish pow'r.  
 Thou and thy troops at Portsmouth disembark—  
 When clarions lead ye to St. James's park.  
 Barracks, and baths rise up by the canal,  
 At once the Moorish camp and carnival.

---

† Signal house at Plymouth.

Turbands become the fashion with the men,  
With women \*trousers, and a loose banyan.

Chaplets of peace the iron helm succeed.—

Beauty shall reconcile each jarring creed.—  
The same our faith—as warm desire impells—  
In Britain's as Morocco's infidels!—  
Boast the proud sultan his Circassian fair,  
Seraglio's treasure, and an eunuch's care.  
Here nature proves her fairer toil, and plan,—  
Freedom's sweet smiles, and their direction man!  
Virtue in mid-day glare, or ev'ning shades,  
Here blooms alike, with bloom that never fades.

---

\* The ladies in Morocco wear trousers much like the men—large about that part where the European petticoat rests—and sometimes spread out with pocket hoops.

Blossoms *almost* as fair, *almost* as sweet,  
 Not doom'd alike to bear the noon-tide heat,  
 Shall catch thy heart with beautiful surprize,  
 And seem the prophet's promis'd paradise!—  
 No single planet here allures the eye,  
 Beauty like stars,—and Britain like the sky.—  
 Souls sharp as light'ning animate their charms—  
 They yield—like flutt'ring cherubs in your arms.  
 Love is a patriot here and must not see  
 The Constitution yield to tyranny!—  
 Goes Love to prison? Beauty keeps the key—  
 At once his counsel, jury, judge and plea,  
 —A Habeas Corpus sets the urchin free.—

No niggard Britain!—ev'ry rank of Moor  
 That waits thy nod in this projected tour—  
 Around the blood-stain'd brow shall now entwine  
 The olive, myrtle—and perhaps the vine.

Maids,



Maids, like young cedars,—budding in their teens,  
The novel captives of a few blankeens\*,  
All fair—shall mix with the exotic swarth,  
And young Barbarians populate the North.

Taste, with a turband, and a golden wand,  
Shall seem the household lord of fairy land.  
In new attire, each sifter art and sport,  
Enrich the proud regalia of the court.

Seated, on gold brocade, and Tyrian dies,  
In Moorish posture, with expanded thighs,—  
England—and his Morocco, shall intrigue!  
Cement their vows, and seal the barb'rous league!

---

\* A blankeen is about three halfpence Moorish money.

Should the colloquial lyre be then unstrung—  
 You talk not French,—nor he the Moorish tongue!—  
 Conception, like a \*Mute, shall romp with Time;  
 And Silence act Imperial Pantomime.  
 Till Fate a Scotchman please to introduce  
 To tune the string—in Abyssinian Bruce.  
 Astute, and curious, like the studied Czar †,  
 In petty implements of peace, as war—  
 Rich magazines of each may converse find,  
 In the *minutiæ* of the royal mind.

---

\* Hamet here tells the emperor in his annotation, that he must not conceive too strong a similarity between the Britannic and the African Mute—In Afric the Mutes execute the royal purpose—so here indeed!—but then they are not much adapted to the gesticulation of small-talk at St. James's—They are employed in P——t.

† Czar Peter the Great had an excellent knack at mechanism; he was attentive to all its operations, whether discovered in the complexity of a paper mill, or the simplicity of a knife-grinder's wheel. Hamet could not set up a finer object of emulation than the Czar.

E

Like

Like Juno now—Britannia's scepter'd Dame—  
 Bright gleam of love's and fealty's mingled flame!  
 Parent of joys!—and virtue's darling child!  
 The Queen, with inexpressive aspect mild,  
 Shall send thee *coffee*—or shall send *sweet*—  
 While little angels hover round the *fête*.

Nor could the levees of Olympian Jove  
 Shew such a Hebe!—or a Queen of love!  
 At once discover'd by each smile, and grace,  
 In C-pb-l's April bloom!—and B-kl-y's face!

Norroy, Bold king at arms!—with herald science,  
 Shall form a symbol of the grand alliance.  
 British supporters shall the *coat* adorn:  
 —England the Lion!—Fez the Unicorn!—



Now—as Appollo's grooms, at dawn, provide  
 A fiery courser for his morning's ride—  
 So Thou, well hors'd on B-t-m-n's\* fleetest nag,  
 Shall sport with Majesty! and hunt the stag!  
 For here no monsters to the welkin roar!  
 No javelin'd sportman seeks the tusked boar!  
 A Pricker † leads the way along the heath,  
 While hounds, *collateral*, urge the ven'son's death.  
 Echo's loud organs harmonize the sphere—  
 The K—, the P——, the B——p, view the deer—  
 The Q——n herself rolls o'er the ruddy plains!  
 Maids of Arcadia guide the whisky's reins!  
 And coaches, buggys, carts, fill up the neighb'ring lanes. }

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\* Aga of the Dog-kennel.

† Yeoman Pricker—which somewhat resembles the yeoman of the guard—only that the common appellation of the latter is beef-eater, of the former it may be venison-eater: the latter carries a halberd before his M——y in town—the other is carried before his M——y in Windsor forest.——  
 N.B. This note is in the original Arabic manuscript, and accompanied with this observation, that Hamet should not explain the term which I have translated “collateral,” till the emperor came.

Again,

Again, thy brow entwin'd with martial wreath,  
 Review the camps at Warley, and Coxheath.  
 If mid the Eagles there—and bantam Cocks—  
 As stol'n from roost—or out the neighb'ring flocks—  
 Thou mark the goose—the sheep—or afs's ears—  
 Forc'd in the upright ranks of grenadiers!  
 With smile explore the metaphoric fact,  
 The gawky produce of an impress act.

Then note—as studious to improve each hour—  
 St. Paul's proud Mosque, the Wax-work, and the Tow'r.  
 Next—where some antique pile, in ruins hurl'd,  
 Intrudes the emblem of a crushing world—  
 Sublimely ponder upon empires fall—  
 And view the breach in Windfor-castle wall!  
 Minions of Taste now court th' imperial ease!  
 The Connoisseurs!—the favourite Patentees!

To

To shew, at once, the Popular complexion—  
 The K—g proclaims—a General Election!  
 There—like the Trader on the Guinea coast,  
 He gets most blacks—who cheats, and hectors most.

Humphry—with ev'ry art from ev'ry school—  
 While Nature jogs him—to embellish rule—  
 New warmth, and thought, shall mix with rain-bow  
 dies—  
 And fix th' imperial spirit in your eyes!

The Muse's voice shall harmonize the night:  
 A King shall act! if Sheridan will write—  
 Strange! that when Tickled too he will not laugh—  
 He is too truant of himself by half!

Now as a Soldier in flow march attends  
 The fun'ral troop of his departed friends,

F

His



His *arms revers'd*!—a muffle o'er the drum!  
 Like him with measur'd step shall S\*\*h come,  
 Revers'd his Trident! as he courts regard,  
 Of Britain's Arsenal! and Fame's dock-yard!

Next, where politeness dwells with thought severe!  
 Visit the mansion of the Grand Vizir.  
 With him complot of re-establish'd sway,  
 Till (by degrees shut out the intrusive day)  
 An opiate languor o'er the senses creep—  
 And Empire—be the phantom of your sleep!—

Treasures immense! now freight thy swift xebecques;  
 Fill all their holds;—and grace their quarter-decks\*.

Great

---

\* The quarter-deck is the parade on board of ship, to which there is an appropriate etiquette; that no one presume to make a first appearance there without shewing the respect of the hat.—Hamet characterises the British Tar

Great guns—and small arms—powder, shells, and shot,  
 Mortars—howitzers, swivels—and what not?—  
 Cox's museum!—Lever's should be sent—  
 —But if 'twere gone—then Britons would repent:  
 'Tis Nature's draught of ev'ry element!

Rich bales of scarlet cloth shall press for room,  
 New manufactures from the Irish loom.

But now observe th' inestimable freight—  
 Cargo of Science! Politic Debate!—  
 Too Good to stay where Best endeavours fail,  
 For Afric now with Thee, They hoist the sail.

---

by the following story—A Nobleman of distinction paid a visit to an Admiral on board a flag ship—Having mounted the ship's side, he advanced to the quarter-deck, without any other ceremony than taking the Admiral, who was ready to receive him, by the hand—A sailor, who thought that this behaviour was too familiar with the Admiral, remark'd it to a boatswain's mate—Who, with a common maritime exclamation, replied—"Poo—how should he know *manners*—he was never on board a man of war before?"

Afric

Afric too long in ignorance immers'd,  
 Waits but for them to have the cloud dispers'd.  
 P--y and P-e like Missionary Seers  
 Were born to civilize thy mountaineers.

Thus shall arrange the Patriotic Clan,  
 And British wisdom form the Fez Divan.  
 S--e shall be Morocco's Grand Vizir !  
 R--d reside the Pacha of Tangier !  
 G--n will scarcely know himself, what place  
 Will best befit his Friend—or suit his grace.  
 Something he wants, yet nothing does he need.  
 —'Twere shame his flock should lose the pastors reed !—  
 C-- F-- awhile shall be the Vizir's Friend,  
 Tributes collect—and as they come shall spend.  
 S-v-le should go, but He would not stay long  
 —He would oppose your maxims, right, or wrong.

L-t-l



L-t-l still bright mid antiquarian rust—  
 Not pleas'd to raise a figurative dust—  
 Posts shall establish by the measur'd mile,  
 To Alexandria, and along the Nile.  
 D-nn--g cannot be spar'd—the Bar would lose  
 A Friend—a Favourite—Monitor, and Muse!  
 If B--re's loss were *under*—not an eye—  
 He should be Eunuch Aga—Haram spy.  
 Perhaps his Barb'ry friends may find some plan,  
 While B--ke shall trade direct at *Tetuan*.  
 Join wit and judgment: like the Moon at full,  
 At once sublime, and not less beautiful.  
 J-n-n if disengag'd and quite *Scot* free,  
 J-n-n shall have the sole command at sea;  
 J-n-n will make each galley of ten oars  
 Equal at least to Spanish sixty-fours!

Now for thy Moors—too old their Afric flannel!—  
 They shall have new—and cross the Irish Channel.  
 Each with a musket there—not trusted here—  
 Become a † Native, and a volunteer.

Deign then, O sov'reign prince! to let these lines  
 Be wombs of time, and pregnant with designs.  
 I see the flash vindictive in your eyes,  
 As blood-stain'd ghosts of murder'd Moors arise!  
 Haste then, my liege!—caparison your horse—  
 Summon the leaders of Barbarian force!  
 Burst like a thunder-blot on frighten'd Spain,  
 Level each Christian steeple with the plain!  
 Set fire and brimstone to the Spanish hive,  
 Nor leave a Cataloman Don alive!

---

† Hamet here makes a bull—but so it stands in the Arabic—He has been in Ireland, and perhaps admires their customs.

The trumpet sounds! March on—no sluggard rest—  
 Till ruin seize the Arsenal at Brest.  
 'Tis done!—Victorious shouts surround the flames,  
 Now you embark—and seek the grateful Thames.

Me, shall reward some thousand pounds a year,  
 Be dubb'd a Baronet—or an Irish Peer!

T H E E N D.





[ 27 ]

The trumpet sounds! March on—no laggard left—

Till you seize the Arsenal at Brest—

'Tis done!—Victorious fronts surround the flames,

Now your embark—and risk the gulf and hammer

Me, still toward home, the land pounds a year

By doubt a banner—on an Irish coast

T H E E N D

